

Facts, Fiction, Fancies and Latest Fashions of Interest to the Women of Washington

Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions

We women have such a bad habit of worrying over little things and just rushing rough-shod over the really big things of life.

There is scarcely an argument against the statement that about the biggest thing a woman is called upon to meet is matrimony, yet, we go on day after day making the same mistakes and a great many of us landing in the divorce courts, all because we didn't stop to think.

This was brought very forcibly to my attention today when I was told that a man with the worst sort of a reputation, belonging to one of the best families, was again married and separated. It seemed only yesterday that I heard of his first wife's divorce. That he was thoroughly unmanly was never even doubted or denied, yet a few months later another girl stepped into the shoes of the girl who had just stepped out. Neither stopped to consider. If they had been buying a new waist they would have looked at the seams to be sure they would hold, would have pondered over the wearing possibilities of the material, would have come to some sort of conclusion about the price not being too great, and above all would have been certain the color would not come out in the wash.

But in choosing a husband they observed only that which was on the surface; the second wife evidently didn't even make an inquiry.

Just like the woman who takes a blouse from a store upon the recommendation of a dishonest advertiser, they find that it isn't what it was supposed to be.

Ink Stains.
Dear Miss Lee: I am very worried over several ink stains on my best pair of shoes. Is there any remedy?—MRS. K. H.

Try soaking the stains for a day or two in milk, changing it as often as it becomes discolored. If this does not remove the stain, soak it for a few seconds in a saturated solution of oxalic acid. Rinse in clear water and then in water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added.

No Knowledge of Cooking.
Dear Miss Lee: I am married this fall and believe that I will make a good housekeeper in many ways, as I am as neat as a pin and have always cared for my own room and have enjoyed helping about the house, but I know nothing about cooking. I had always expected to keep a girl after I was married, but my mother told me that I was to be expected to do the cooking for a year or so myself, as help is so high.

now. Many people say cooking just comes to you after you start and advise me not to worry. What do you think?—TWENTY-ONE.

I shouldn't worry if I were you. I certainly would not do a cook's apron and go in the kitchen. Cooking meals is very different from preparing a plate of fudge or even baking a good cake. Even girls who have had much experience in the kitchen make a great many mistakes when they really try to prepare a meal. Don't endeavor to learn everything at once but by all means start now.

Virginia Lee

Remodeling a Wife

By Mildred K. Barbour
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McClure Syndicate.

LXXXIX—Carrington Is Perplexed.

For several days after Doris' strange outburst, Carrington regarded her anxiously. Neither of them made any further reference to the scene on the night of her arrival from New York, but to Carrington it was the beginning of further revelations.

He had been so engrossed in his work, the work of remodeling his pretty, frivolous little wife, that he had failed to note that an actual change was taking place, or that the change was not precisely the reaction he had looked for in his lofty planning. He became suddenly aware that he had a wife whom he did not understand. Had any one told him that transparent little Doris would develop a streak of inscrutability, he would have laughed wholeheartedly, but now he was forced to realize that the Doris, whose every thought had found speedy expression, whose simplest hope had been childishly confided to him, had become a stranger.

Even the quick rush of her footsteps was gone. She moved softly now and with infinite grace, but she never hurried to him with youthful and adoring impetuosity and flung her arms about his neck as she had done the days of their early married life. He was startled to discover, on looking back a bit, that she had not offered him a voluntary caress since before their child was born. She submitted to his kisses now, never sought them, and the figure which had thrived in his arms was now quiescent as if enduring rather than returning his embrace.

It was an immeasurable blow to Carrington to find that the face that he had loved so long and so dearly, the face that he had loved with blind, unreasoning devotion, it hurt his vanity and his pride, and his heart, too, for he loved his wife, even if she did not reciprocate his ideal.

Perplexed, he went to the nursery to view the baby. He had long since resolved that Lucia should have the exclusive benefit of his care and direction and he was again seconded in

this by the stately, starchy young woman who presided there. She was an efficiency expert in her line and she appreciated the ambitions of a fellow-soul. For Doris she had the utmost scorn and she was not professed in concealing her attitude. Sensing this disapproval Doris, quick to hurt in these days, kept away from the nursery. She said the baby during its outings and while it slept in the garden, but she felt completely detached in her attitude toward it. She remarked one day in the presence of several women guests at tea that the baby was "plain here, but it was Stewart's and—the nurse's."

"Julie's shriek of mirth overbalanced Margaret's rebuking frown, and the situation was saved, though Mrs. Stevenson went away with the reiterated assurance that Stewart Carrington had married a little fool, and several other women, carefully scrutinizing the stately-starched young person whom they passed in the garden, exchanged significant glances.

"The nurse reports that you haven't been up to see Lucia for several days, Doris," Carrington told her reproachfully one evening. Doris raised her eyes indifferently from a book. It was a treatise on the new psychology, the one which Jacques Norvell had introduced her to. "She is always sleeping or being bathed, or weighed, or fed, and the nurse didn't seem to want me to stay. So I thought it would be better if I remained away. Lucia is quite all right when she's asleep."

Carrington frowned. "You are not a distinct success as a mother, Doris," he told her gravely.

She shrugged lightly. "Oh, I'm not a success at anything."

"I shouldn't admit it," reproved Carrington.

"Why?" Doris raised disinterested eyes. "I find it rather pleasant—a failure—one can cease striving."

"You are speaking foolishly and childishly," Carrington's temper was rising.

"That's just what I am," agreed Doris quietly; "a fool and a child."

Then she turned back to her book, as though the matter were ended.

MEMORIAL TREES TO HONOR ANIMALS

The parade to mark the opening of "Be Kind to Animals" week this afternoon will be followed by memorial tree planting during the week in memory of the horses and the carrier pigeons which gave their lives in the struggle against Germany, the American Forestry Association announced yesterday. Plans are being made by the association by Mrs. Ira E. Bennett, who has plans completed for the tree planting with Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes on the "Happy Hollow" playground at Eighteenth street and Kalorama road on Thursday.

On April 17 the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution will plant a memorial tree on the grounds of Memorial Continental Hall. On the grounds of the Marine Hospital next Saturday a memorial tree will be planted for Charles A. Rhett Jacobs of the Marine Corps, who was killed in action at Blanc Mont, October 3, 1918.

The American Legion also plans a memorial tree planting on May 30. In a bulletin to every post in the United States, insular possessions and with the Army of Occupation, Franklin D'Oller, the national commander urges the posts to take part in these memorial tree plantings and notify the association.

COLOR INTRODUCED IN WEDDING GOWNS

Brilliant gowns of this spring are departing from the conventional white of other seasons. Fashionable models are introducing bits of color, either in flesh color veiling of chiffon under some dainty fabric or pale colored flowers in the folds of the gown.

Many of the gowns are cut in empire style and feature white net covered with beading in contrast with tiny crystals.

CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

By HOWARD H. GARRIS
UNCLE WIGGLY AND ALICE'S APPLES.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly! Are you coming to school this afternoon?" quipped Alice Wibblywobble, the duck girl, one morning, as she sat on the porch after Lulu and Jimmie, who had already started for the hollow stump, where the lady mouse taught the animal children their lessons.

"I wish you would come and hear me recite how many grains of corn are on ten cobs, if there are six beans in each pod."

"Oh, I surely would like to come and hear that," laughed Uncle Wiggly, "but there is a button on my shirt, and Nurse Jane Fussy Wussy and your mother are so busy they haven't time to sew it on."

"Oh, say no more!" quipped Alice, "I have learned to do sewing in school, and I'll sew the button on for you."

"Then Alice, being a very romantic duck, and fond of doing housework, first fastened the button on Uncle Wiggly's shirt by fastening it with a pin. She found the pin after looking for one along the cracks in the floor."

"You ought, really, to have a pin cushion, Alice," said Uncle Wiggly, while he waited for the duck girl to thread her needle.

"I know I ought," she said, smiling, "and perhaps I may get one for Christmas."

Uncle Wiggly didn't say anything just then, but he twinkled his pink nose, and when he did that it always meant something.

After a while the rabbit gentleman hopped off through the woods by himself.

"What Alice needs is a pin cushion," said the busy gentleman, "I'll stop at the seven and eight cent store and get her one on my way to school."

It did not take the rabbit gentleman long to buy, at the twelve and thirteen pence, two cute little pin cushions for the two duck girls, and then, tucking the cushions under his paw in a bag, off he hopped, once more on his way to the hollow stump school.

But Uncle Wiggly was only half way there when all of a sudden, out from behind a mulberry sassafras tree popped the bad old Skeezicks.

"One moment, if you please," said the Skeezicks in a tantalizing voice. "Before you go any farther let me have a look at your nose!"

So saying, he caught hold of Uncle Wiggly by the ears, just where the rabbit gentleman always carried his nose, of course, and the bad Skeezicks smacked his lips and said:

"Your nose looks very tender and juicy this afternoon."

"Oh, please let me alone!" begged the bunny. "Why are you always trying to get my nose?"

"Because I like your ear so much better than anything else in the world," said the Skeez. "What is it you have in that bag?"

"Oh, there's nothing in that bag that you'll like," said Mr. Longears quickly.

"Never mind telling me what is in the bag," interrupted the Skeezicks.

Reluctantly snatching away the bag, he opened it and he cried:

"Oh, who are these for?"

"They are for Alice and Lulu," said the rabbit gentleman. "Those pin cushions I bought for the two duck girls."

"Pin cushions!" cried the Skeez. "Pin cushions! Don't tell me that! Don't you s'pose I know apples when I see them?"

Quickly putting his paw down inside the bag the Skeezicks pulled out something round, rosy red.

"Oh, yum-yum," murmured the Skeez, and he took a most impolite bite.

The next moment he began to splutter and splutter, and to paw at his mouth.

"Alice likes!" howled the Skeez, and then with a loud howl away he dashed through the woods.

This teaches us that we should never mistake a postage stamp for a letter. And if the potato masher doesn't chase the oil can around the block and make it hunk into the lamp chimney, I'll tell you next time Uncle Wiggly and Jimmie's jingles.

Evening Gowns Radiate Lovely Colors and Light from Silver Cloth, Satin and Sequin



Satin, radium and silver cloth with sequin beads, make these evening gowns.

Excellent Advice

By DOROTHY DIX
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Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

PAYING THE PRICE.

One of the greatest obstacles to human happiness consists in our unwillingness to recognize the fact that everything in this world has a price tag on it, and that we must pay for everything we get.

Something for nothing. Nothing for nothing. Pinchbeck, cheap. Fine gold, high. It is the immutable law of nature that never changes.

We admit the truth of this so far as other people are concerned, but when it comes to ourselves we cherish the fallacious hope that we shall escape the common fate. We think that somehow, we are going to be able to graft our way through life, that some miracle will happen to us so that we will get the sweet without the bitter, and gather where we have not sown, and reap where we have not planted.

It is a fool's dream. It never happens. For value received we pay, pay, pay. And this is true equally of spiritual and material things.

Do you wish success? You must pay for it with your heart's blood. You must pay for it with a million sacrifices, with a million anxieties, with a million fears. And after you have bought love you must keep on paying for it by cherishing it, and protecting it, and nursing and fostering it, and preferring it before yourself.

The people who never have love are those who are too stingy and selfish to buy it. They are too self-centered and egotistical to pay the price that love demands. Those who lose love are those who grow tired of continually paying in little atonements and little considerations, in little kindnesses and caresses, on a debt that is never paid in full this side of the grave.

And those who refuse to buy love because it lays upon one burdens and calls for self-sacrifice, they also pay for what they get. They escape the agony that tears at one's heart strings when a beloved one stands in the shadow of death. They escape the slavery of toiling for a family who never gives up a man's income as a sponge does water.

But they pay in loneliness, in the silence of rooms in which no woman's laugh is ever heard, nor where there comes the patter of little feet. They pay in a desperate old age, barren of interest and lacking all humanities.

Do you wish health? You must pay for it with abstinence, with self-control, with intelligent care of the body and a thousand other things you don't want to do, and doing without a thousand things you greatly desire to do. Sometimes nature runs a long health

credit account with a man or woman, but in the end she admits her accounts, and for every broken law of hygiene the offender must pay with compound interest.

The young man who drinks too much, the young man who burns the candle at both ends, the young man who is a rascal, thinks that he can have his fling and sow his wild oats and get off scott free. But he doesn't. He pays the price in shattered nerves, in premature senility and insanity. There is no hospital, no asylum in which they will not tell you that three-fourths of the men patients brought their fate upon themselves.

The woman who lives on candy and sweets, who takes no exercise, who wears clothes that are first aid to nerves and in a perpetual strain of gadding from party to party, thinks that she can likewise sin against nature and escape the penalty, but the price she pays enriches sanitarians and puts nerve and lung specialists in the millionaire class.

Do you wish success? The price of it is all that you have got. To buy success you must give every ounce of strength in you—and then some more. You must give every thought of your head, and every aspiration of your soul. You must count neither sickness, nor weariness, nor discouragement in paying your bill.

You must work while others play. You must take the hard road when the easy one lies invitingly before you. You must crucify your vanity and think only of your object, not yourself. You must stand the gaff, make criticism gratefully; endure insolence patiently; deny yourself the pleasures of both love and hatred.

Perpetual sacrifice on the altar of one's desire. Self-immolation to one purpose. ceaseless striving. Unending labor. Dauntless courage and endurance. These are the coins with which one buys success, and it is because so few are willing to pay the price that there are so many failures in life.

Men and women believe that there is some royal road to fame and fortune in which they can joy ride in a limousine, or that there is some magic carpet that will waft them to success without an effort on their own part.

It never happens. There is no easy way to the heights. Every step of it must be taken with blood and tears, and faint hearts are not strong enough to pay so great a price. So many get weary and lay down their tools. They get fagged and drop out of the race. They do not like the company they are forced to keep on part of the journey and they turn aside to where the society is more elegant and agreeable, or they argue with themselves that after all success isn't worth what life asks for it, and they content themselves with some cheap bargain.

Every day of your life you see lonely, loveless, friendless people, sick people, failures, who rail at the injustice of fate, but the fault is their own, not fate's. They could have had the thing they desired if they would have paid the price, but they would not.

BEACH COSTUMES.
Skirts of new bathing suits are showing elaborate plaits and panels. Plaiting is also made a feature of one of the newest bathing aprons, which is made of satin or silk tulle.

STRENGTHEN HOSE.
The life of silk stockings is lengthened considerably by dipping them two or three times in cold water and letting them dry before wearing them for the first time. This is said to draw in the weaves of the thread.

EGYPTIAN DESIGNS.
Egyptian influence in jewelry, millinery and hand-bags is noticeable in the newest fashions from Paris. Rich colorings and designs of embroidery, or in some cases metal designs of hand-bag frames suggest the ancient Egyptian art.

New York's Fashion Authority.

Never, never was New York so gloriously gay—and I wish I could give an adequate picture of the wonderful gowns that are to be seen everywhere, morning, afternoon and evening, especially in the evening. They glitter and sparkle and radiate the most beautiful color schemes imaginable.

This gown in the center was imported for one of New York's most popular society girls. I'd love to give you her name, but she forbids. It is of silver cloth, a delicate sumptuous sort, with a panner yoke tunic (which is very new) of finest silk net, embroidered all over with tiniest sequin beads that look for all the world like water drops, prisms of light.

In "Apple Blossoms" Florence Shirley wears another of these adorable frocks, long lines of opalescent beads dropping from a plain little white satin dress that could easily be copied. This is shown at the left.

At the right is Hazel Dawn, in a graceful gown of orchid radiance, with a bit of lace and a bunch of Spanish daisies as sole trimming. Long girle ends and a panel drop of the material distinguish the gown.

One sees so many hats with evening combs. It's the thing now—large hats of lace, gold or ocre or black with crown of taffeta or soft straw, or horsehair hats, one color lined with another; small hats, flower toques or hats fashioned of the gown material. They are even more fetching than head-dressing, to which American women do not take so very kindly.

Horseback Riding Again in Vogue

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And Balzac shared the same notion as to fairness of the Madonna. His Veronique in "The Country Parson" is of this type. "Every one," says he, "adores the face which might one day be worthy the person of some impassioned seeker after the ideal type. 'The Little Virgin,' as they called her, gave promise of being graceful of form and fair of face, the kindly hair, which was set off the delicate outline of her features completes her resemblance to the Madonna. Those who have seen the divine child in Titian's great picture of the Presentation in the Temple may know what Veronique was like in those years; she had the same frankness of expression, the same look as a wondering seraph in her eyes, the same noble simplicity, the same queenly bearing."

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CENTENARIAN LAYS AGE TO SINGLENESS

New York, April 11.—On her 104th birthday, Sarah Ann McGinnis said yesterday she felt younger than she did 30 years ago and expressed confidence that she will see many more birthdays. She believes she has lived so long because she never married.

"I was never married and I never was worried by a husband," she said between puffs from a pipe at a home for the aged in the Bronx. "Husbands are the worst things."

Mrs. McGinnis jested about her spinsterhood, but there was a touch of regret in her voice when she said she missed the joy of having little ones to bring up. She was born in Dublin. She remembers New York when it was what seemed to be a village and shared the excitement of the inhabitants over the first multiple-drawn street car.

ular, almost everybody indulges in some kind of sport.

The same proprietor whispered something to me which I am now going to pass on. He claims that an expert needlewoman or even a careful dressmaker could make a riding habit, breeches, coat and hat, and follow the latest fashion patterns closely. Then I heard another hint about riding habits from a clever girl who wanted to ride but had little money to put into an outfit. She took a pair of her brother's army trousers and had a coat made to go with them. It is really quite a smart suit and very inexpensive.

The suit above is a striking one, although it is not quite as practical as the khaki one would be. The breeches are white and will need cleaning or laundering after every ride. The scarlet jacket is reminiscent of English pictures of "The Hunt" and is very effective. A white silk tailored blouse, a black straw hat and black boots are the finishing touches to the outfit.

A common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sugar added will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and after a few applications the whole head becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.—Ad.

Helene's Married Life

By MAY CHRISTIE
Copyright, 1920,
McClure Syndicate.

LXXVII.—Through the Window.

From the bottom of my heart I was sorry for Alice's husband. Tomorrow morning he was going off abroad. Was his last night at home to be rendered disastrous by untimely revelations?

Not if I could help it! "Please don't take any steps to-night," I urged Mr. Lloyd. "And for the next twenty-four hours leave the affair to me. Let me see Tony personally—let me reason with him. Alice is so weak. Oh, don't do anything rash or hurried that you may regret!"

Before I could say another word Alice's husband walked into the room.

He shook hands cordially with Travis Lloyd.

"Stay to dinner, old chap. My last night in England for some time. I'm off to Mexico tomorrow."

He turned to "Alice's Alice."

I hesitated. Her husband's last dinner at home—and she was gallivanting!

"Oh, I expect her back at any moment," I fibbed.

The two men started to chat, and I took advantage of their preoccupation to slip from the room out to a recess in the hall where the telephone was sequestered.

I took the receiver off its hook, and rang up the country-house where Alice might be found. In a few moments I could hear Alice's voice trickling across the wires.

"Is that you, Helene? What on earth's the matter? House on fire, or what?" Her tones were mocking.

"Alice, aren't you coming home to dinner? It's your husband's last night at home—and Mr. Travis Lloyd is here."

"Such rubbish! I've been shooting all the afternoon and I'm going to stay on here for dinner and a little bridge."

I tried another tack.

"Aren't you coming home to dress, dear?"

"No? I'm borrowing a dream of a Lucille frock—mauve, with pink spangles—Clara's lending it to me for the evening." (Clara was Alice's pet enemy—a dreadful woman who'd divorced two husbands.)

To urge her was quite useless. And at last, disheartened, I rang off. The rain was pattering on the roof.

A Botticelli Madonna.
To say that a woman is of the Madonna type of beauty is simply to say that she has the characteristics ascribed to the Madonna by the artists whose paintings of this type are called the "Botticelli Madonna." Usually we have in mind the Madonnas of the old Italian masters, often those of Raphael, and the traits then known as Madonna traits are those that these artists chose to indicate the highest ideal of feminine modesty, purity, devotion and religious fervor. They sought to combine in one face all that was physically lovely with all that was spiritually beautiful. So you see, a woman of the Madonna type is a compliment to be told you have a Madonna face.

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